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Fairy Tales of Prospectors.

While the majority of the people in the Rocky Mountain mining camps are reading with steadily growing regret about the enormous wealth of the Cape Nome gold diggings, the mining camps tremble with the saloons, and with unceasing interest and delight search each new issue of the newspapers for confirmation of the earlier dispatches from the north.

A right interesting condition of affairs has been developed in the home mine camps by the Alaska finds. With public thought centered in the Arctic north, the home camp promoters and speculators have found their sales of "properties" growing lighter and

the whole mining region of the wind as a drop of oil spreads over the landscape. For every man who made money out of the work of these two prospectors it is likely that a thousand were inspired to try the same method. And there is no form of speculation more common in the mining region today than that of "staking" a prospector.

As a matter of fact, where a man like Creede is employed—an honest man who has trained himself for the work by long study and experience—the speculation is sure to succeed in the long run. And it is in this interesting way that the mine camp tramps have originated. Among all the sights in a new mine camp, the host

MEN WHO LIVE BY MEANS OF THE GRUB STAKE—YARNS THAT TOUCH THE TENDERFOOT—THE LOST MINE STORY IS A FAVORITE GRAFT.

a miner from the vein that gave the camp its existence was nothing to these prospectors.

"Mines are where you find them," is a common proverb of the camp. That the chunk has a piece of "float" ore—a piece split by the frost and water from some ledge far up the side of the mountain, and carried by an avalanche down to the gulch—did not suggest to them that they make a serious examination of the mountainside to find the ledge. They staked out the claim where the gulch was, and then the odd chunk of ore—cracked open the chunk to get a piece of it with no moss on, and then took that piece to an assay office. The assay office, through his report and ask no questions. The assayer's report was sent to the confiding capitalist, who furnished the grub-stake, to encourage him.

Prospectors of this sort of the mine camp tramps. Their sole ambition in life is to keep themselves supplied with grub-stakes that they may live in idleness about the mine camps, in the weather, and in the summer sunshine wander over mountains where fish and game abound.

The most remarkable of these rascals is the desert tramp—the one who haunts the desert region between and including the Staked Plains of New Mexico and the Mojave in California. The barrenness of the desert suggests him. "There ought to be mineral here; if there ain't, there ain't nothing else worth anything," is a common expression. And then the colors of the desert suggest mineral. Iron in various combinations is generally responsible for the colors, but copper is found in quantities sufficient to stake a claim. The desert tramp, with rare exception, goes there expressly to get rich out of mining, and for no other reason. They are not there for their health, and they are willing to listen to the tale of even a known liar.

Tales of Lost Mines.

Marvelous are the stories told and related in the desert camps. They get into print at frequent intervals, and the tramp prospector knows them all. Who has not heard of the Gun Sight Lead lying somewhere in the Panamint mountains, just at the foot of Death valley? One of the old emigrants who crossed that fearsome gorge got separated from his companions, but managed at last to reach civilization in California. He had picked up a piece of white metal beside a spring and carried it with him, though he had no idea what the metal was. Then, having lost the front sight of his trusty rifle, he carried the white metal chunk to a gunsmith to have a new sight made of it. There was a striking resemblance to the front sight of the rifle, and he recognized it as native silver!

In strict confidence the tramp prospector tells his victim that he has picked floating rock from the foot of the very mountain in the Panamint range where Gun Sight Lead was found, and he produces a piece of ore showing native silver. He tells words. But when he thus had a fortune within his grasp, his supply of food gave out and he had to return to the desert. Now, if the listener would hit him out for sixty days he could go there, stake everything in sight and sink the ten-foot shafts required by the law where claims are made.

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By following them still further their "workings"—shafes—may be examined, and it is here if at all that the tourist must learn the real character of his new friends. In the first place, the locations will be found most remarkable. I have seen claims staked out on the slide rock near the foot of a mountain—the mass of debris that had been thrown down by avalanches and lesser powers of snow and rain. There was no guessing how far away was the solid rock of the mountain side—the prospectors had found a piece of ore (or, at least, he said he had) at the place he drove his stake, and ore was

I heard that story told in a hotel in Magdalena, N. M. one day. There were half a dozen listeners, including a commercial traveler. When the tramp produced his chocolate colored ore with gold nuggets visible on opposite sides, the commercial traveler, asked to see it. After some hesitation, the tramp let him take it. It certainly was heavy enough and it looked quite like half rotten breccia with gold showing on two sides, but the commercial man dropped it accidentally and it was stuck on a nail that projected an eighth of an inch above the floor. The shock broke the specimen, and then it was seen to be a piece of chocolate ore.

The tramp then explained that he had exhibited the "specimen" for a joke on the tenderfoot present, but citizen told me the fellow had "worked" one man already for a grub-stake.

Land of the Mirage.

That tenderfoot should be caught by the mine camp tramps is a matter of course, but the surprising factor is the idle gold should be steadily supported by the old-time residents of these camps—the merchants and sober citizens. It costs, say, \$100, to stake a prospector. If four men divide the risk it is only \$25 each, and that is like betting a nickel against a hundred on a horse race or a turn of a card. The sober citizen will try it once for luck. "Who knows but that a new camp like Creede may grow out of the venture?" If the fellow is telling the truth, and his story certainly is plausible, why then? So says the mine camp capitalist and what he thinks of following his "why" is the of the wondrous joy of life when the shipments of ore from this to-be-lost mine yields \$1,000 a day.

For it is the region of the mirage. When the Alaskan developments first roused the country, the tramp prospectors found their occupation badly hurt. Some got grub stakes for an Alaskan trip, remarkable as that may seem, but the speculative capitalists in so many cases joined the rush for the north that the tramp prospectors were often left stranded. The business men who did not leave the home camps had far less money to risk on ventures. The number of men who were found picking for food among the refuse of the mine camp restaurants was never so large.

But the tramp prospector's genius has risen superior to this, as it has always risen superior to every ill. He knows there is but one remedy for the stagnation in the desert—the Rocky Mountain camps, and that remedy is a new strike. He is now going to the mine camp

capitalists and is saying that this is the very time to venture. It is in the nature of the capitalist—especially the desert capitalist—to listen to the ingenious still, the tramp prospector has been known to announce his wondrous discoveries through the newspapers. When he has tried to beguile the speculative capitalists in vain, this tramp in these last days, announces through the press that he has made a discovery of wondrous riches. Through the mine camp newspapers he is even able to reach the papers of the whole country. Only a day or two ago the day's New York papers contained a paragraph telegraphed from Arizona announcing a strike of "what is reputed to be very rich white gold-bearing quartz." It admits that "the ground has been prospected for many years, and heavy veins of white gold-bearing quartz have been made, and a sample assay shows \$23,000 worth of gold to the ton."

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A Prospector Driving His Stake.

The ore in their claims either yields thousands of dollars or else there are millions of tons of low-grade ore lying where it can be worked at a cost not to exceed \$2.50 per ton. The barrenness of the desert, broken down specimens of humanity who are beggars only. They can be found even on that inhospitable trail that leads to the foot of the Panamint mountains in southern Utah. How they live is more than I know, but I have seen a natural formation of waters lying over the range to the east of Death Valley that is known as Resting Springs, and it got its name because it was a favorite with the tramps of both kinds that frequent the desert. The beggars, however, are very little, if any, different from those found in the east. They are by no means to be compared with the picturesque trappers of the West, who are very tales about lost mines and leads. It is not to wonder at all among the fascinating scenes of the American wilderness.

Utah People Met in Europe.

Cologne on the Rhine, Germany, July 23.—A month of travel in Europe is enough to assure the ordinary Utah man that people of his state are located in about all the corners of the earth. Go where you will you find Americans, and are pretty sure to meet some from Utah. Of course the missionary system of the Mormon church brings many young men to foreign lands, but aside from these other Utah men and women are constantly being encountered. From England my route led up into Scotland and there, in Perth, I met W. D. Duncan, a former Utah newspaper man, and at one time representative of the Herald in Ogden. Duncan is a successful business man of Perth, owning with his brother merchandise establishments on two of the principal business streets of the city.

A branch of the city's postoffice is in one of their places, and I learned that for last year the business of this one branch aggregated in volume almost as much as that of the Ogden office for the same time. The comparison is interesting as showing the different scopes of the postal systems of the United States and Great Britain. In the latter country the system is not only more business, but the telegraph, express, savings bank, messenger and other branches. Of course Perth is a city of considerable size, and the figures from the Perth office were from but one of nine branches. Duncan is still pretty much of an American, and a Utah man at heart. He is a recognized authority on American affairs, and his associates call him "Mr. Dooley," from his quaint way of expressing his views on matters in general. Together we visited a portion of the Highlands, spending a delightful day in the vicinity of the Pass of Killcrankie, and another about Kinloch Hill and the Mourne mountains. The mountains in the Scottish Highlands are as thick as beehives in Utah.

Duncan and a number of his friends picked up a party of five or six, and during which we visited Ayr, the Burns country, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Own American Cattle.

From the latter city my route was across the German ocean to Hamburg, and while there were no Utah people aboard the Breslau, a steamer on which the trip was made, there was a good deal of interest in our section of the country, and as the only American aboard was kept pretty busy describing the west. It so happened that a number of Glasgow capitalists owning a lot of the shares in the Swan Land cattle company, a company of which Duncan was a director, were on board, and the way they picked up the conditions of grazing this particular year and the prospects of the business in future rather took me aback. It seemed that a meeting of the board of directors of the company had but recently been held in Glasgow, and the owners were elated over the rise in value of their shares. Mr. Shepherd of Glasgow, representing the Scotch holdings, will likely visit the Wyoming and Utah ranges this year.

Utahs in Germany.

At Hamburg about the first American I met was Thomas H. Vickers, a missionary from Juab county. The other Hamburg missionaries were at Frankfurt attending conference, and Vickers was looking after the interests of a large congregation. With him I did my first sightseeing in Germany. At Berlin there is quite a colony of Utah people, including not only missionaries,

Telephone That Records Messages.

BY R. NEIL WILLIAMS.

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The title might lead the uninitiated to expect some strange combination of telephone and phonograph enabling the sounds of the one to be recorded by the other and preserved for use at some later period; and, impractical as such a combination may strike the reader to be for the first moment, that is just what a telephonograph is.

At the close of this century, however, thanks to the ingenuity of the Danes, Poulsen and Pedersen, the parents of this marvelous invention, we may say there are telephonographs and phonographs and they have provided a construction of telephonograph which simplifies and makes practicable the above combination.

It is the old, old story. "Why, how absurdly simple it all is! I might have invented that myself," one exclaims when once again confronted by so simple an application of nature's magnificent laws.

By merely inserting in the circuit of a telephone a coil of fine wire, and a piece of steel wire wound on a barrel, with a clockwork to make that barrel run, and a magnet, the telephonograph sends a value out of our telephone for the same money.

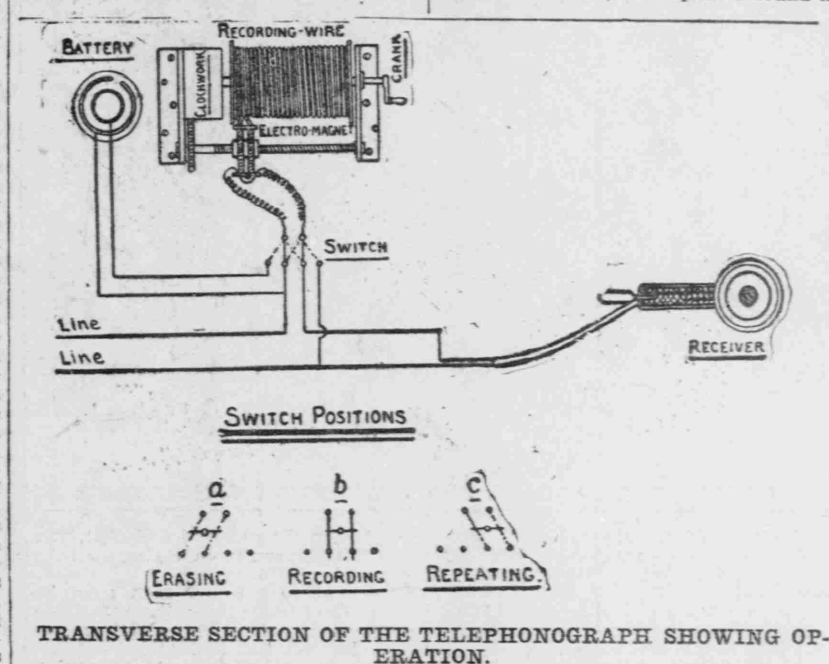
Ought to Be Popular.

Jones gets thirsty and goes for a drink. Hardly has he turned his back on the door when his lawyer calls him up on the phone to say that damage case of his is going to be tried on Thursday at 10:30, and he had better put in an appearance. Mrs. Jones is waiting at her end of the wire for that horrid person who has been talking to her husband for the last half hour to get through, as she is in a dreadful hurry to go out, and wants to let him know that she's coming down to the office first to get some money, and will be there at 3:30. Then Bangs, the broker, wants a lot of figures, so that he can go ahead and fix that little business, which they were speaking. And Smith wants something, etc., etc., etc. Jones, all this while, is calmly enjoying his drink, sweetly unconscious of the press of business at his office. When he gets back, all he has to do is to press the proper button, or switch the proper switch, and the lawyer delivers his message. Mrs. Jones gives warning of her approaching visit. Bangs again requests his data, and Smith states his wants. After attending to all these various matters, Jones turns another switch and, figuratively speaking, the slate is wiped off and ready for another record if Jones should happen to get thirsty again. Or, again,

Jones is deeply engaged making a rough mental calculation of the essential items of some speculation, when, ting-a-ling goes the call bell, and Mrs. J. wants to remind Mr. J. that he must stop for that umbrella handle on the way home, and must not forget to stop in at Green's and tell them to send up five pounds of sugar, ten pounds of oatmeal and four pounds of coffee. Java and Mocha mixed, while he's about it he might order the flowers for Mary's wedding, and whatever he does, he's not to forget to change those books at the library, and if Richard Carvel's is got that, but if it isn't why then, etc.

Now Jones, instead of getting excited and saying those things which he ought to say, quietly lets the "T" get through her little list, and then sends the bellboy to the phone to have what Mrs. J. said repeated and written down, and if the boy doesn't get it right the first time he can have it again and again, just as often as his more or less faulty faculties may require. The recording and repeating of sounds, once made by the telephonograph, is the masterpiece of the telephonograph. The possibilities it opens up are marvelous. A news agency can telephone the unlimited number of subscribers simultaneously, and, if necessary, each

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT—THE TELEPHONE—GRAPH PRESERVES THE VOICE RECORDS.



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE TELEPHONOGRAPH SHOWING OPERATION.

and every participant can keep a perfect record of the material sent him. The action of the telephonograph is stronger than the original, a feature which adapts it to use as a relay. It is rather premature at present to discuss this possibility, the invention, but the prospect of telephoning over unlimited distances is too enticing for us to omit mention of its feasibility.

Instead of being the outcome of some great original discovery, such as the many wireless telegraphs, the innumerable varieties of invisible rays, etc., with which the market of inventions has been flooded for the last two years, the telephonograph, or telegraphophone, as it is also called, is in itself thoroughly original, independent alike in conception, construction and application.

Its importance has been fully recognized by the highest authorities of the German postal service. The experiments made by the inventors with apparatus, constructed by the best manufacturers of telegraphic apparatus in Germany, have been so successful that the German government has decided to purchase for its use a number of the telephonographs, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustrations. Valdemar Poulsen, a Dane by birth, is the originator of the invention, but he was materially assisted by his collaborator, P. O. Pedersen.

How It Works.

The underlying principle of the invention is as simple as the apparatus resulting therefrom. The residual magnetism contained to some degree in all iron, is correspondingly affected by the proximity of the magnet. Anyone can prove this for himself. Take a piece of iron and draw an invisible line on it with a magnet. On scattering some iron filings equally over the surface of the metal, the line that could not be seen before will become distinctly visible. Corresponding to this polarity of the residual magnetism in the plate of iron and that of the magnet, the density along the line drawn by the magnet will be distinctly greater or less than anywhere else.

Poulsen's invention is based on this mutability of residual magnetism. A wire, wound on a grooved cylinder, cylindrical drum or barrel, is under the influence of a small electro-magnet, which can be made to glide along the entire length of the wire by turning the barrel and causing the magnet to move sideways correspondingly. The core of this electro-magnet is an iron wire one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, arranged so that the steel wire on the barrel glides between its two ends. When the electro-magnet is excited by a constant current, and the barrel set in motion by the clockwork, as shown in diagram, switch position

stronger than the original, which is quite natural, when we consider that currents in one direction strengthen the magnetism in the recording wire, while opposite currents weaken it. The effect is thus doubled. When the wire is filled, all traces of the conversation are obliterated by setting the switch in position (a) again, and remagnetizing wire. In practice the construction of the apparatus differs considerably from that shown in the diagram, which merely serves to explain the principle of the invention.

Some Applications.

There are three representative types. In the first a steel wire one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter is wound on a barrel of some material, such as wood, in inches in diameter, and the apparatus is good for conversations lasting one minute. The second type will take down conversations lasting ten to fifteen minutes. Finally, the third type is a steel band one-sixth of an inch wide and one four-hundredth of an inch thick, which is wound from one reel to another on a similar apparatus. The third form is intended as a sender for telephonic news agencies. A short steel band one-half inch broad is stretched over two rollers. After passing under the insulating magnet a practically unlimited number of electro-magnets are influenced by the variations in the magnetism of the band, each of these recording magnets transmits the same message to the subscriber attached, who can either read down the message in shorthand or keep a record. Finally, the band passes an erasing magnet, where the message is obliterated and the band prepared for a new message, or a continuation of the same one. The importance of this form of the invention consists in transmitting news too bulky to telegraph, and yet important to many such as commercial intelligence, general news, war news, in fact all the matter with which our daily papers are filled. By using this invention, offices could be established from which all the making business houses in a city could be continuously supplied at very small cost with the state of markets, stocks and affairs in general. In a country, such as the United States, the use of the multiplying telephonograph would be valuable at election times, spreading ballot news to the many hundred thousands of scattered voters. In all branches of civil and military service the invention in all its forms will be of much importance. The most rapid transmission of general orders to a number of men scattered over a large complex of buildings and in many offices, can undoubtedly be obtained by the multiplying telephonograph and when the recorder is also used, mistakes are practically impossible.

MEN WEAR CORSETS.

Affected by Those Who Find Their Waists Developing.

There is an unfortunate tendency among middle-aged men of the present day to become—to put it mildly—stout. An old man, if he is content to grow old gracefully and not try to counteract a young man, can view his growing "corpulence" with comparative indifference, but a man, say, of 40 or 45 can only "view with alarm" the increase, says the New York Press. There is a well-authenticated rumor afloat that corsets for men and being introduced and largely worn to correct this unkind demonstration of nature. An attendant at a Turkish bath recently said in an interview that more men were corseted than the general public had any idea of.

"And they lace pretty tight, too," he continued; "I know, for I help to lace them up every day." In England, where the practice seems to be more general than in this country, there has been considerable discussion about it in the papers, and Madame Society, a publication devoted to "society" people and their whims, had this pathetic communication concerning "he corseting."

"I am so glad to notice you have started a correspondence about corsets for men. I want to know more about them from some man who wears them

—not the opinion of the waisted (and waisted) from-cord dude, but the experience of an ordinary creature who lives an ordinary life. I feel certain I want something to check that awful sign of middle age, known as a corporation. I cannot say I am in favor of corseting little boys—or little girls, for that matter—their bodies, when they are growing, need plenty of room for development. I have long since ceased growing, but I continue to develop in a manner which is neither pleasing nor comfortable.

"Does the man's corset require a second person to lace it up? Have the steels a tendency to snap and pierce one's precious skin? Wearing one could I bicycle, golf and row as much as ever? I am a dreadfully energetic. Are the 'male' things very expensive? And need I have them of different colors to match my clothes? Is a different shape necessary for evening wear? 'Beatrice' says that recently at a tennis party among the gentlemen (I wish she had simply said 'men') the corset was much in evidence. I should not like that, but perhaps it is only distinguishable through flannels. Anyhow, I must do something, and shall be very grateful if my inquiries can be satisfactorily answered."

His Meat is Always Fine.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.) "Set a good table, eh? How's the meat?" "Fine! Chopped steak?"



THE TRAMP THEN EXPLAINED THAT HE HAD EXHIBITED THE "SPECIMEN" FOR A JOKE.

lighter. The transportation men, who were wont to range from range to range in order to be the first to establish stage and freight lines to newly made camps, have been obliged to put their stock out to pasture. Dust gathers over stocks of hardware and groceries. The footlights are turned out in the mine camp theatre, and the mine camp associate smokes cigarettes in solitary confinement. The click of the ball in the roulette wheel is heard but faintly, if at all. Since Alaska was boomed the Witwatson in the east, and even such famous camps as Creede and Cripple Creek are boomed there no more than are the coal mine towns of Pennsylvania.

Nevertheless, though hard hit when the Alaskan news first came, the mine camp tramps have risen superior to the situation. Who and where they first developed has never been recorded and cannot now be learned, but what they are and how they flourish—especially how they flourish—is something known to every observant person who has lived in a mine camp in recent years.

How Mine Camp Tramps Live.

When Nat C. Creede struck his pick in the Colorado mountain side and discovered the mine he called the Holy Moses—the mine that, with other properties in the neighborhood, made him rich and famous, he was known



WITH UNCONCEALED INTEREST AND DELIGHT THEY SEARCH FOR A CONFIRMATION OF THE EARLIER DISPATCHES FROM THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

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